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Choice Poetry.

THE RETURN OF THE REGIMENT.

BY FLORENCE PEACE.

The bells boom out to the cloudy sky,
The deep drums beat tumultuously,
And the martial music's crash and cry
Makes all the city dumb;
There are tender eyes at every pane,
And, spite of wind and shifting rain,
From square and alley, street and lane,
The eager people come.

What do they come to seek and see?
Why do they gaze so earnestly?
What may the strange attraction be?
A handful of hands gripe me!
Men who have stepped in crimson stains,
Warmly flowing from traitorous veins—
Soldiers from red Antietam's plains—
Heroes of battle dead.

Ah, it is only a little while,
Since in unbroken rank and file,
Clashed by many a steel and rifle,
From dawn till dusk they passed by;
Fresh in their uniformed ranks,
Eyes all hopeful and hearts all warm,
They went to meet the Southern storm,
To triumph—or to die.

Fourteen months have passed since then—
Fourteen months, and battles too—
The men are old, the boys are men,
Grown grave before their time;
And in their features the eager men
The bitter wisdom of times like these—
The sharply-earned experience
Which make men's lives sublime.

Mute and strange are their faces all:
Nothing less than a battle-cry,
With hoarse and hoarse and hoarse of battle,
Could shake their even breath;
Written in every line and curve,
Of courage and of iron nerve—
Of fiercest hearts that never knew
From danger or from death.

Haggard with toil, fatigue and pain,
Killed and smoky with battle-stain,
Back they come to their homes again,
Changed as by many years;
But leaning out from the gazing bands,
Many a woman, silent and dumb,
Who long to grasp their hair, brown hands,
And wash them white with tears.

Their banner still in the wind swirls,
Tattered and ragged with battle-holes—
Think of the strong, heroic souls,
Who hailed it as their pride;
And with their faint and exhausted eyes,
Lifted in doubtful agonies,
Stare it between them and the skies—
Blessed it, and blessing died!

Many a cheek at the memory pale;
The joyful music faint and faint,
Dying in low and mournful wail.
For those whose graves are green;
The crowd grows still with conscious grief,
So still you can almost hear the tread,
The ghostly tread of the gallant dead,
Who walk in the ranks unseen.

Crippled and mangled in tank and limb
Are these, whose souls have passed the brim
Of that wide sea which, strange and dim,
Knows no returning flow;
Solemn and still, in strange array,
Pallid with illness, and gaunt and gray—
The ghosts of those who went away
But fourteen months ago!

The eyes of women and lips of men
Welcome the soldiers of battles ten,
Coming back to their homes again,
Sober, but not dismayed;
Uncover your head and hold your breath;
This looks not every life-time bath—
To look on men who have walked with death,
And have not been afraid!

Miscellaneous.

A Piece of Betsy Jane's Mind.

To Artemus Ward, London:

MISGOTTEN MAN! The Baldwinville "Spread Eagle" has printed a piece of yours out of "Punch," which amongst other stuff and nonsense about your disreputable old show, has got in a tawdry little paragraph which you ought to blush for, if blushing was in your line. Here it is, bad spelling and all:

"It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly occurred to the Federal soldiers that they had business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintaining a rate of speed during the entire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed, Gladiateur."

If the truth isn't to be spoke at all times, which it isn't—no more is it to be spoke in all places, and on no account whatever when it tells against one's country and her dolly face. Now I know that when you break out in a new spot and tell the truth, it's just that sort that's meaner than the common run of lies; and you know that you concocted that nasty little Bull Run "goak" just to ring in with the snobs and Tories over there, and get the British Lion into your show. But I can tell you that you are making a gratituous old fool of yourself. They won't admire you in a sprawling attitude. They'd respect you a heap more if you'd stand right up to 'em, and give 'em a touch of true blue Yankee independence and spunk. You may say that you can't be expected to show what you have 'at got; but I say that if you have any faculty, it's for doing just that identical thing. 'Twas more'n half your capital in the show business. I can tell you, too, that the English have had Bull Run's fall of their own, and they know that just such fellows as you be are the ones that figger in 'em.

Other folks may flatter and applaud, and "lafe at little jests," but I shall continue to do my duty by you, without flinching. Your morril sistim as relax. You need tonic, of the home-brewed sort. You need a piece of my mind—your kinder willin' for it.

Some of the Baldwinville folks are a

little taken aback by your turnin tail on your country and fawnin on her enemies, in such a sicknin stile. When the Minister read the piece, he muttered somethin about its bein "tu Bruty"—and the Doctor, he say sto me, "I should think it a clear case of softness of the brain, if Mr. Ward"—"had any brains to soften," says I.—"Just so," says he.

But you didn't spring a mine on me. Nobody knows a man's weak pints, nor what mean tricks he may be up to, like the wife of his bozum. An incident of domestic life will exhibit you just as a chur and the show business made you. 'Twas the mornin after the twins was born, and you stood gazin on 'em in passive mood with your hands under your coat-tails. I was weak enuff to hope—for I'm but a woman, like the rest of my sect,) that the double blessed had somehow made a new man, and a hull one out of you, till you gashed forth—"Oh, Betsy Jane, would they goshed been hitched together Siamese-fashion! What a mint of money they'd a' been for us."

Now, a man mean enuff to turn the misfortune—sposen they'd been thus joined—of his innocent children to account, in the show line, along with two-headed calves and five-legged pigs, might be expected to make capital out of the misfortune of his country, sposin she had been thus misfortuned. But you wouldn't have gone and done it, if I had been like a garden arkin at your side, or if I had had you anywhere within broomstick range. You wouldn't have fawned and frisked about the heels of a bloated aristocracy much. I know how it is—you're goin' it on your old demoralizin' principle, "When you're with the Mormons, do as the Mormons do;"—but you disremember a better sayin'—"It's a base bird that fowls it's own nest."

There, old man, put that in your pipe and smoke it!
It may be the clim't—it may be the lickers—but your Punch "essays" ain't the gay and festive effusions the world looked for, standin' on tiptoe on two sides of the Atlantic. It don't look as if you was goin' to "set the Thames afire" and burn the British flag. I should say the "genuine American humor" they talk about has struck in—there's such a faint show of it about your stile at present. It's a jerky, exhausted sort of a stile, as suggests spasms and night sweats. You're out of your element in such classic collums, and flop about uncomfortably. You know you're expected to be ever sparklin' and "sarcastical," and the old wit won't come, and you're kinder stravin of yourself. You're gettin too much of Punch maybe, and if I'm not much mistaken, Punch is gettin too much of you. Don't go to think yourself underrayed by home folks;—when you do get off a good thing we make the most of it; we are thankful for small favors from that quarter. "How are the mites fallen!"

If you don't want to hear from me publicly, through the Atlantic Cabal, come home! Hurry up your collection of farin beads and wax figgers—(it's a nice place to collect the former)—don't wait for all the Queen's children and grand-children or you'll be gray as well as bald, before you get through;—quit exposin of yourself to strangers, and come home to your lovin frens and nabors, who are prepared for the worst you can do, and never expected much of you;—come home to your faithful wife, who is tired of bein consoled with your melancholy "goaks"; and dinned for your bad debts.

BETSEY JANE WARD.

Artemus Ward.

Success crowns the efforts of Artemus in London. Yet it is a strange success, and one which puzzles the thinker. A writer in the London Star says: "I listen to him, and I don't know why," while, editorially, that journal applauds, "Mr. Ward's efforts," it says, "are futile; he tickles a few here and there, but excites the laughter of the entire room. His manner adds to the pungency of his jokes. He assumes an almost Lord Dunsenish unconcernedness of his own town, and it is only occasionally that some particularly 'good thing' provokes a slight twinkle of his eye. The entertainment, as a whole, is really excellent; but any commendation of ours must be superfluous, when we look at the following testimonial, which Mr. Ward himself has published."

TOTNES, Oct. 20, 1866.

MR. ARTEMUS WARD—My Dear Sir: My wife was dangerously unwell for over sixteen years. She was so weak that she couldn't lift a teaspoon to her mouth. But in a fortunate moment she commenced reading one of your lectures. She got better at once. She gained strength so rapidly that she lifted the cottage piano quite a distance from the floor, and then tipped it over on her mother-in-law, with whom she had had some little trouble. We like your lectures very much. Please send me a barrel of them. If you should require any more recommendations, you can get any number of them in this place at two shillings each, the price I charge for this one, and I trust you may be ever happy. I am, sir, yours truly, and so is my wife.

R. SPRINGLES.

Descendants of King Richard III. lived in Leicester, England, down to a recent date. One was a butcher, another a toll-keeper, and another a sexton.

The oldest-house in the United States is at Medford, Massachusetts—built in 1634.

THE IRON SHIP.

She was not born 'mid rain or dew,
Nor in the sunshine ever grew;
No kindly mother's arms she knew,
No kindly mother's arms she knew.

But down a thousand fathoms, down
Where stretch the roots of the mountain brows,
We draw the iron for her frame,
And build her 'mid smoke and flame,

To sail the mistiest of the sea;
The mistress of the sea.

The hammer fell, the anvil rang,
And she to shape and beauty sprung;
In mimic lightning she was armed,
And cradled in their thunder-bursts;

And now we launch her, fair and free,
We launch her, fair and free.

To leave alike the tempest stroke,
And fire, that slays the "heart of oak,"
The iron conqueror of the main;
May danger track her path in vain—
The queen and glory of the sea!

The glory of the sea.

NABBY.

The Amnesty Proclamation—The Inhabitants of the Cross Roads—The Victims of a Cruel and Heartless Hoax.

POST OFFICE, CONFEDERATE X ROADS,
(which is in the State of Kentucky.)
December 6, 1866.

I never was so elevated nor never so cast down in my life as last night, and the entire Corners was ditto. The circumstances of the case was as follows: Me and a party of friends was a playin draw poker with a Noo York commersal traveler, I believe they call 'em, a feller with moustache and side whiskers, which comes south a talkin secess and a sellin goods. He made some inquiries about the standin of the dealers at the Corners, and was, after sed inquiries, egg-treely anxious to sell 'em goods for cash. They wanted 'em on ninety days time, and on this they split. He agreed with 'em in principle, he drank to Jeff Davis, and damned Linkin florently—but on the cash question he was inflexible and immovable. To while away the rosy hours, a knot of choice spirits, him included, gathered in the Post Office, to enjoy a game of draw poker. There wuz me and Sapsa Gavitt, and Deekin Pogam and Elder Sisters, and the Noo York drummer. We played till past the witchin hour of 12 M., when grav yards yawn and ghosts troop forth—when the Noo York seckumt. His innocent, unseasoned bowels he'dn't bin eddicated to the standard of Kentucky whiskey, new, new ez we drink it, is pizen to foreigners. The Deekin and Elder grabbed the stakes with wuz onto the table, and filled his pockets on the conspish that he wuz a Abilishian, and rolled him out, and while in the very act, Pollock, the Illinois store keeper, cum rousin in, askin as we'd heard the news.

We answered yoonissimously that we hadn't.

"I'm just in from Louisville," sed he, "I just rode over from the steahen. Louisville is in a blaze of glory!"

"Wat," sed I, "beez Sumner killed Thad. Stevens and imbezilly committed suicide?"

"Nary," sed he, "hot Johnson and Congress hev come together on the basis of yooniversal Amnesty, which wuz proclaimed yesterday, to be followed by yooniversal suffrage ez soon ez the South kin conveniently do it. They hev met and embraced on Morris Greeley's plan."

Deekin Pogam bust into a hysterical luff, and in his joy handed me the proceeds of his explorashen in the pockets of the Noo Yorker, and like a blessed old lunatic broke for the meetin house. In a moment or two the bell pealed forth its joyous notes, and in a minute more the hall dresed villagers wuz seen emergin from their respective domiciles in all styles of attire. A few minits sufficed to make them understand wat wuz the occasion of the uproar, and a more enthusiastic population never woke the ekkos. Afore five minits had rolled off to eternity there wuz a bonfire blaze on the North side of the square, the sed bonfire bein a nigger school-house which the Freedmen's Commission had erected, and which our enthusiastic citizens in their delirium of joy set fire to. It wuz emblematic. The smoke ez it rolled to the South methawt, assumed the shape of a olive branch—the cry of the nigger children with coovent escape, symbolized their desertid condition, and the smell of 'em ez they roasted wuz like unto incense, grateful to our nostrils.

A informal meetin wuz to wanst organized by the lite of the burnin school-house, to which Deekin Pogam addressed himself. He remarked that this wuz a solemn occasion, so solemn indeed that he felt inadequate to express the feelings which filled him. His mouth wuzn't big enuff to give vent to his sole, though if he didn't he'd bust. "Wat are we met for to-night," my friends? sed he; "we are all together? Wherefore these sounds of joy—wherefore this fire, and wherefore is Bascom sellin likker at half price? Becoz we are rehabilitated—that's wat we are. Becoz the North hev gone into the olive branch business agin, and we hev wunst more our rites. We are amnestied. We kin vote, we kin go to Congress—we are agin citizens of the great republic—"

Pollock, the Illinois store keeper, ris and begged permishin to say a word. He protested agin these doins. He understood, akkordin to Morris Greeley's plan, that yooniversal suffrage wuz to follow yooniversal amnesty—why then

this makin John Rodgerses av the niggers? Wuz the South a goin to act in good faith?

Deekin Pogam replied: The South never yit broke plighted faith save when she cood make smthin by so doin. At this present junkture av affairs he preceeded the South wuz extend, not precisely yooniversal suffrage to the niggers, but the way wud be opened to 'em. Such a mass of ignorance cood never be trusted with the ballot without preparashin, and to prepare 'em wud be over-tarin the Kentucky theory, that the nigger wuz a beast, and the northern Dimocratic ideas that the nigger wuz enst by Noer and doomed forever to be a slave.

The gentleman from Illinois wuz to wanst preceede the fit we are in. They sint fit for the ballot now, and ef we make 'em so, it overtaras our theory, which we can't do. Still we propose to be just to 'em. We shal give sich av 'em the ballot ez are sufficiently intell'igant, and we shal not put the standard too high nuther. We shal give sich av 'em the ballot who is able to read the Greek testament florently, and pass a creditable examinashen in Latin, embroidery, French, German, English Grammar and double-entry book-keepin. The path to the polls you see is open to 'em. Of course we cant be expected to tolerate school-houses for 'em, coz that woud raise 'em above their normal condition. Also, there must be proper regulashens controlin 'em, for, my deer sir, they are mere infants, and their totterin steps on the road to freedom needs directin. Society is a compromise in which every one resigns ez much av his personal liberty ez the good of the hull may demand. We cant ourselves the hull, and the resain av personal liberty must come from them. "That nigger," sed he, pintin to wun with the joyous citizens wuz stringin up to Bascom's sign post, "that nigger is a resain his personal freedom for the good of the hull. No doubt in his heart he murmurs, and ef the cord which is chokin him cood be loosened, he woud repine. It is rough on him, but the superiority of the Caucasian race must be—My God! it's one av my niggers! Stop! Bascom, stop!"

He jekskilled the Deekin, but it wuz too late. The nigger wuz already black in the face and had ceased to kick, and the Deekin, heavin a sigh, preceeded:

"We shal seropulously regard their rites. They shal hev the rite to buy land, and be in all respects like us, ez soon ez they kin be restrained. Till then, they will hev to be restrained. There must be laws prohibitin 'em from receivin more than \$450 per month, that they may not become bloated aristocrats, and pampered some av the country—the proper development of the Confedrat deb, rekwires payment of the Confedrat deb, rekwires manual labor, which we was never eddicated to do, and therefore the good av the whole rekwires that they shal resine their personal liberty so far ez to be confined to the plantashens onto which they hev engaged to labor, that they may regularly do it, which is clearly necessary; for you see, ef I hire a nigger in January, I must not be exposed to the chances av his quittin me in July. But wat more kin they want? They air free to exgrate a extent ez the good av society will permit. We shal give 'em kwalfied suffrage, sixin, av course, which is just, the kwalficashens ourselves; and bein valyuable members av society, hereafter we shal care for 'em, so long ez they air belchy; good Lord, why will them cesses persist in hangin up able-bodied niggers, when there's so many old ones around, good for nuthin but to celebrate wuz?" and to save another wun av his former servants, the Deekin closed abruptly.

It is unnecessary to recount the farther doins av the nite. There wuz a skool-house and church, recently erected, burned, with sum skore or sich a matter av young niggers in 'em, wuz wuz too young to be av any use, save one girl, which wuz nearly white and almost fifteen, which ought to hev bin reskood, and five, of I counted correctly, able-bodied men and wun wuz heng. Bascom sold out his stock entirely, and by three A. M. the entire inhabitan av the Corners wuz a layin around the square, in festoons.

There wuz a bitter awakenin to this seen av festivity. At a little after 7, while the Deekin, the Elder, and myself, wuz in Bascom's tryin to git a saweger, and the best we cood do wuz to pour a quart of water into a barrel which bel bin emptied, and roll it around and thus flaver it, Captain MacPelter, late av Morgan's cavalry, cum in from Louisville. Eagerly we asked him the Louisville av the lidins, when he informed us that it wuz a hoax—that no sich thing had bin do, nor wuz Congress in any such a noshes. Pollock dropt in, and when I reproacht him with his doopshity, he asered that it wuz a hoax, but he hoped we'd excoose him. He had a cravin desire to see whether of Amnesty and Suffrage could be adopted, how far w'd go in the latter directshun. He wuz satisfied, and honestly hoped we'd forgive him the pleasant jest. He'd made the Corners lively one nite, any how. I wuz too profoundly disgusted to reply to the retch.

PETROLEUM V. NABBY, P. M.,
(which is Postmaster.)

A New Orleans lady eloped, and left a note for her husband, telling him not to mourn for the children, as none of them wuz his.

News from Japan informs us that rice has fallen "two boos per picul," if anybody knows what mean.

Useful and Curious.

How to ACT WHEN CLOTHES TAKE FIRE.—The following, which we cut out of the Scientific American, should be cut out and preserved:

"Three persons out of four would rush right up to the burning individual and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. It is useless to tell the victim to do this or that, or call for water. In fact, it is best to say not a word, but seize a blanket from a bed, or a cloak, or any woolen fabric—if none is at hand take any woolen material—hold the corners as far apart as you can, stretch them higher than your head, running boldly to the person, making a motion of claspings in the arms, almost about the shoulders. This instantly smothes the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the unfortunate victim on the floor.

This is an additional safety to the face and breath—any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant immerse the burnt part with an inch thickness of flour, put the patient to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin will be found. Unless the burn is deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour is the most desirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is that, like water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain by excluding the air from injured parts. Spanish whiting and cold water of a mushy consistency is prepared by some. Dredge on the flour until no more will stick, and cover with cotton batting.

WASHING WINDOWS.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist gives the following improved mode of washing windows, which, although not wholly new to us, may be valuable to many of our readers:

The nicest article for washing windows is deer-skin, as no particles come off to adhere to the glass and make it look as if washed with feathers. There is no need of anything larger than a hand basin for washing windows. The great splashing some people make in the exercise of their art, is entirely useless, and is moreover deleterious. When the water is permitted to run down in great quantities upon glass it dissolves the putty and soon loosens the panes from their setting, and also stains the glass. Two pieces of nice wash-leather and a bowl of suds are all that are necessary. Wipe the glass first with the wet cloth or leather, and after it has become dry, rub it with the clean cloth, and it will look clear, and far more so than if rinsed in a dozen pails of water.

I have a great aversion to scouring knives, and never touch brick dust if I can help it; but if their brightness demand me I prefer to rub them three times a day rather than once, for it is less labor and they last longer.

How to GO TO BED.—Hall's Journal of Health gives the following advice how to go to bed in winter time. Those who practice retiring on the "outside up" plan will readily fall in with these suggestions: "Do it in a hurry, if there is no fire in the room, and there ought not to be unless you are quite an invalid. But if a person is not in good health, it is best to undress by a good fire; warm and dry the feet well; draw on the stockings again; run into the room without fire; jump into bed, cuddle up, with head and ears under cover for a minute or more; until you feel a little warm; then uncover your head; next, draw off your stockings, straighten out, turn over on your right side, and go to sleep. If a sense of chilliness comes over you on getting into bed, it will always do an injury; and its repetition increases the ill effect, without having any tendency to "harden" you. Nature abhors violence. We are never shocked into health. Hard usage makes no garment last longer.

A lady correspondent of an exchange furnishes the following "hint to lovers of flowers." A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to work remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips, and immersed in salt water, they will, after drooping a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the best vigor all winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily secured for the winter. All the different varieties of the plant being used, the various shades and color of the leaves blend into a beautiful effect. They require no fresh water."

A USEFUL HINT.—A subscriber at West Farmingdale writes as follows: "A tin tube made like a syphon driven into the vent of a barrel of wine, or cider, and the other inserted into a vial of water, will prevent the air from entering the barrel, while the gas escapes through the tube. Make the barrel otherwise tight. When the cider or wine is done working, the water in the bottle will cease bubbling. It requires no filling up and there is no loss. I have tried it." We will only add that it can be made by any tin-plate worker, and when once made can always be kept for future use.—Es.

The Fun of the Thing.

ALPHABET IN RHYME, FOR JUVENILE CONSERVATIVES.

A stands for Aldermen, whence I have sprung—
I, Mr. whose name is on every tongue.
B stands for Bargains; for details, give attention
To the annals of the National Union Convention.
C stands for Copperheads; my chief admiration,
All day supporting my Administration.
D stands for Dead Duck; a dignified phrase,
Applying to all who oppose my ways.
E stands for Elections; most doubtful concerns,
Excelled by nothing for twists and turns.
F stands for Feinans; that unfortunate brood
Whom I led into trouble, to get out as they cood.
G represents the Johnsonian (?) Gals!
So recently shown in Vermont and Maine.

H stands for Halters; a troublesome thing,
By which I once promised that traitors should swing.
I stands for Idiots—such as Sumner, and those
Who number themselves "mugst my policy's foes."
J stands for Johnson—me, Johnson the Great,
Who at present am holding the reins of the State.

K stands for what I aspire to be—King—
Thus making my rule a permanent thing.
L stands for Ladders—the Ladder of Fame—
Climbing by which, to the White House I came.
M stands for Me, Myself, and My own;
My party, My policy, My Kingdom, My throne.

N stands for Niggers; one of our "poor relations,"
Who gets all the cuffs, and but few of the nations.
O stands for Office; a political bait,
On which many intrigues and sympathies wait.
P stands for my Policy—in letters of gold,
Should its wisdom and truth to the nation be told.

Q stands for Quirk, and for Quibble as well,
Whose intricate meanings my followers may tell.
R stands for Radical; that terrible man,
Who is striving to do all the mischief he can.
S stands for Sumner, whose name I must close in,
Together with Stevens, as an assassin.

T stands for Tailor; my former vocation,
Before I attempted to patch up the nation.
U stands for Union; a good subject to talk on,
But forming a path too narrow to walk on.
V stands for Vallandigham—Clement C. V.—
An ardent friend of the Union (?) and—Me.

W stands for Words, in which I abound;
Admiring behold how I scatter them round.
X stands for X-ofos, when the darkness wuz forth,
And I, as their Moses, led them on to the North.
Y stands for Yankeeism, on the circle's north side,
Where Treason—to Me—is the most deep and wide.

Z stands for Zip-zag—the path where I'm found;
The sharp corners I turn, all beholders around.

A good story is told of a rustic youth and a buxom country girl, who sat facing each other at a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the beautiful maiden, only ventured a sly look, and now and then touching Patty's foot under the table. The girl, determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with these advances a little while in silence, when she cried out: "Look here; if you love me, why don't you say so? but don't dirty my stockings!"

The not very promising son of an anxious parent or two, had been employed at board in a store, for about six months. Parents write to profane land of concern, asking how boy gets along; if he is steady; and if he sleeps in the store? Head of concern answers briefly: "Boy good as ever. Sleeps in the store in day time; don't know where in h—ll he sleeps nights."

"Mary, who died for you?" asked a parson of a blooming sweet sixteen. "Nobody, as I knows on," was the prompt reply. But the parson repeated, with zeal: "Mary, I say, who died for you?" Mary was irritated, but replied: "Why, nobody, sir; there was Bob Dawson lay bed-ridden for me about six months, but folks say he got about again."

When Judge —, a member of Congress, from Ohio, years ago, was opposed at the second election, on account of intemperate habits, he good-naturedly admitted the fact, but insisted that he never was so drunk as not to fairly represent his constituents. He was elected by a triumphant majority.

"What's that 'ar pictur' on?" asked a countryman in a print store, the other day, to the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings. "That, sir, is Johnson commending the sun to stand still." "Do tell! which is John, and which is his son?"

"Daughter," said a fond mother, whom the oil speculation had made arid, to her son, "how Mr. Brown proposed yet?" "Yes, ma," exclaimed the daughter; "he proposed that we go down this evening and get some raw oysters!"

An exchange says that a fashionable lady in Pittsfield wore her new bonnet to church, last Sunday, the wrong side before; but does not state how the error was discovered.

Why is Andrew Johnson the most singular man in the world? Because he never opens his mouth without putting his eye (I) into it.

A Western paper says that the grasshoppers have destroyed everything in the Deer Lodge Valley except the "grass-widows."

For the Farmer.

Care of Horses in Winter.

1. During the winter months, those horses which are used for labor should be well shod. Unless, however, they are to be driven in such places as render them very liable to slip, the coaks should not be very sharp. When a horse is newly shod, be a little careful when you drive him, especially if he feels well, or he may cork himself. Like men, it takes them a few days for them to become accustomed to handling their feet with new shoes.

2. See that the stables in which horses stand are strong, and are so arranged that the horses cannot kick each other. In cold weather, if they are not well fed and do not work much, they kick and paw, or bite the managers for exercise. It is not viciousness that make them do it, but frequently a want of exercise. Often a valuable horse is badly injured just for want of proper arrangement of the stalls. A little expense to-day often saves a good deal to-morrow.

3. See that the floors are strong, and that the horse-barn is well banked up to prevent the cold air from passing under the building, and making the floors constantly cold. Every means ought to be taken to have the floor as warm as possible. A horse that has worked all day and his legs wet often takes a cold, because his legs are kept so during the night by a floor. Warm feet for horses are as important as for men.

4. A horse's bed is of some importance. We know a good many farmers who allow them to stand and lie on the hard floor all winter. They may get used to it, but what can be got used to is not always the best. A good bed, of straw, or some similar material, kept clean by frequent changing, should be furnished to all horses. They will frequently pay it from under them, but this is for amusement, and because they do not wish for a bed. When this is the case great pains should be taken to prevent it.

5. Always clean out the droppings of your horses, both morning and evening. They ought always to be removed so far from the stable that the air will not be poisoned by the emanations from them, or the stables and stidings will not be rotted by coming in contact with them. We have always thought that the practice of throwing the manure into a heap by the side of the barn door, slowly, wasteful, and detrimental to the health of the horse. With a broom, sweep out all dust that accumulates daily.

6. All horses should be groomed every morning when stable. A good grooming is worth as much as half a peck of oats. Every horse should be supplied with a good curry-comb, card comb, mane and tail brush and stiff brush, and broom for this purpose. It keeps the circulation in surfaces vigorous, keeps the skin clean and in good condition to withstand both heat and cold, and makes the horse look very much better. An ungroomed horse is like an unwashed boy, or a person who never attends to his toilet.